

Wrapped Up In Time

[Marillion](#)

Things come wrapped up in time
Like the past in a present
Or the perfect line in a song They take their time
And when they're gone
They take their time with them And you can't have them back
Because the time for them has gone
And their time has gone with them The time for them has gone. There's an echo of them
An echo of the time they were wrapped in
Sweet or bitter in the memory
But an echo is all, all I can reach now An echo of you
An echo of you
An echo of you in your time Still echoing
Like a star in the sky
Like a star in the sky above me And the story of it's life
Told backwards down this rod of light
But at it's beginning..
Long extinct.

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